

Tunnels with a twist!

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Summary: As the name implies, this is my adaptation of the E3 2003 movie "Tunnels"... with a twist. A huge twist. Stupid ending, as Headshot said...

Tunnels with a twist!

Tunnels

>
There have always been several great mysteries about the E3 2003 movie "Tunnels".

>
Number one. Why would Manhacks be able to cut through a solid block of metal, but be able to be stopped by a wire gate?

>
Number two. Why would the gate flip open when Gordon shot the Combine metrocop, causing him to fall?

>
Number three. Why would Alyx ask Gordon to meet her in such a strange place (sewage or something)?

>
Number four. Why would a Combine soldier drop down when he had already seen the Hydras?

>
Last but not least. What on earth does a Hydra look like besides the tentacle?... unless they really are just tentacles.

>
Presenting my adaptation of the movie "Tunnels"!... with a twist. A big twist.

>

>
I move cautiously through the alleyway, ducking behind a pile of scrap metal just in case. My trusty USP Match is entrenched firmly in my hand, fully loaded.

>
I glance down nervously at the remaining clip I have. It should be enough to get me to Alyx, unless she's already dead.

>
Besides, I have another extremely powerful weapon in my arsenal... but that's just a last resort.

>
Wrenching my mind back to the task at hand, I continue creeping forward, but stop when a whirring sound is heard, followed by the shriek of metal on metal.

>
I hesitate. What could it be?

>
There is a loud crash and splintering of wood as the nearest

wooden board propped up against the wall is shattered into a thousand pieces, a red-and-black machine descending into view, its three blades rotating rapidly.

>
Manhack. Programmed to carve up any of the Combine's enemies, it leaves a grisly trail of destruction. And I know this one is meant for me.

>
I tense as the Manhack sights me, then increases speed, the whirring sound building into a roar. I sidestep as it slices through the wall of scrap metal where I was just standing a moment earlier, the blades fanning my face.

>
As it zooms past, unable to control itself, I open fire with my pistol. However, I waste an entire clip just trying to hit it in the semi-darkness, and I curse myself mentally for not conserving ammunition.

>
It approaches again, and I swing my crowbar, slamming the Manhack into a vending machine. Flying rather drunkenly this time, its kamikaze movement is predictable, and I give it another whack, its metal body shattering.

>
I breathe a sigh of relief and proceed down the alley, only to hear more whirring noises.

>
Damn.

>
This time it is not one, but three Manhacks soaring towards me. I turn tail and flee, but my running speed is no match for their flight speed. Turning around, I swing the crowbar like a baseball bat, and one smashes into the wall. The other two swerve madly to avoid it, and that buys me time to escape.

>
I dodge again as the terrible trio roar past, then I flee in the other direction, slamming a wire door closed. The Manhacks buzz angrily, trying to cut through the wire mesh.

>
I replace my crowbar with my Heckler and Koch pistol, sliding a new magazine in. Going through a doorway, I jog down a flight of metal stairs. Only a rusty metal railing keeps me from falling down a seemingly endless drop.

>
My thoughts are interrupted by a Combine metrocop's amplified voice. Turning around, I see him two levels above, pointing an MP7 at me.

>
It's time for that secret weapon.

>
Holstering my pistol, I unsling my Incendiary-Rifle, or I-Rifle for short, and raise it to my shoulder. Firing a grenade, I watch it soar past him into the large opening from which he came. Distracted, he turns around to watch its trajectory, and the second grenade hits him square in the back.

>
He screams and runs around frantically, the hungry flames consuming him. Another Combine metrocop runs out to see what has happened, and he leans his own MP7 against the railing.

>
I wait for his horribly inaccurate shots to hit me, and they do. Twice. I grow tired of this game, and open fire with my pistol on the railing.

>
The supports snap, the section he is leaning on falls out into the gap, and he falls a seemingly endless fall.

>
Reloading, I scan the opening for more Combine-- and bump into something soft.

>
Startled, I look down, and a white gasmask stares back at me. Yelping, I draw my USP Match, he brings up his MP7, and I know I will get ripped apart at this range...

>
... but he's too slow.

>
I fire first, releasing an entire clip into his body, and he flies backward, his head impacting with the wall with a solid _thunk!_.

>
Reloading with the ammunition so kindly provided by the dead

Combine metrocop, I draw my crowbar, ready for a confrontation. Walking along a drainpipe, I slip and fall, cursing, only to land in a puddle. The fall was short, and the floor was concrete, slippery with leaking water from the drainpipes overhead.

>
However, ahead of the platform is a huge chasm, and I don't want to know what lives in it.

>
"There you are," a voice behind me says, and I whirl around, crowbar at the ready.

>
Oh, thank God. It's Alyx, with a warm smile on her face. Now she's a welcome sight for sore eyes. "I wondered what was keeping you," she continues. "Hope you didn't have any trouble finding me!... uh oh..." her voice trails off.

>
An electric-blue tentacle slithers out from the chasm. It does not look friendly at all, with sharp spines sticking out from the last thirty centimetres of it.

>
And to make it worse, a Combine soldier drops down from the above drainpipes, pointing his M-29 Objective Individual Combat Weapon at me. Alyx gasps in shock.

>
(Ok, from here it gets totally random. Do not flame me for what happens next.)

>
"Combine Elite Va--aaaaarrgghh!" His voice was the usual monotonous, robotic tone of the Combine at first, but it increased into an ear-piercing scream as the tentacle impaled him, the spines sticking out from his chest.

>
I can do nothing but watch, since I am petrified with fear. Alyx looks pale, her hands clenched into fists at her sides.

>
"Hydra," she breathes.

>
Still screaming, the Combine soldier is lifted up high, then smashed down. Hard. There are distinct sounds of his bones breaking, and blood splatters on the floor.

>
The Hydra repeats this twice, and the soldier finally drops his weapon. It clatters to the concrete, and, still wailing and begging for mercy, the soldier claws at the concrete, hoping to find some grip. The tentacle eagerly pulls him in, and there are some crunching, mashing sounds as he disappears over the edge.

>
The screaming, crying and begging are muffled, and they finally stop.

>
Alyx looks away, and I stare at my feet. Even though the Combine are not human, and they have no emotions, no creature deserved to die that way.

>
A squelchy sound reaches our ears, and we both look up in fear and surprise.

>
The Hydra has reappeared.

>
Along with another.

>

>
(By right, the "Tunnels" movie is supposed to end here, but this is a twisted version. Not long before the story ends.)

>
Time seems to stand still as the Hydras sway back and forth, sizing up their prey.

>
What had the Combine soldier said before he died?

>
Combine Elite Va...

>
That sounded familiar.

>
Combine Elite...

>
No, it couldn't be. It couldn't. It just couldn't!

>
Combine Elite Vance.

>
No. _No!_

>
A click reaches my ears, and I look up, my eyes tearing with rage, fear, and disbelief.

>
"So you found out," Alyx says, staring at me, her lips pursed.
"If that soldier had never said it you would never have found out."

>
She has the soldier's dropped M-29. I have a USP, and that will not stand up to an assault rifle.
>
But like earlier, if I fire first, I may be able to win...

>
"You," I choke, my hand reaching slowly to my pistol in its holster.

>
"Yes, me, Gordon," Alyx says, her eyes cold and hard, a change from the mirth earlier. "And I presume you'll want to know why. When I first came to City-17, I was ready to kill any Combine that crossed my path. I was idealistic, like my father, Eli."

>
"But I soon realised how pointless this is, Gordon. What chance do we have? The Combine is in total control of this city. Any resistance put up, and we will be exterminated. Why do you fight for such a pointless existence?"

>
"I don't wish to be brainwashed," I say, hand swiftly moving downwards to grab my pistol.

>
A shot is fired, and a bullet pierces my hand. I yell in shock and pain, dropping the USP Match.

>
"Don't try it, Gordon. I've been trained as an Elite; that's why I'm so proficient with weapons," she says softly, the M-29's barrel smoking.

>
However, she raises the rifle again.

>
"Gordon. I asked you to meet me here because I wanted to kill you. Now I'm having second thoughts. If you refuse to join the Combine, I will kill you. If you manage to elude my bullet somehow, then the Hydras will get you. If neither kill you, you will never make it back in time to stop the bomb from exploding..." she said, even softer.

>
"Bomb?" I ask, shocked.

>
"Yes, Gordon. I would betray my own father. The bomb is in his lab, and he has exactly thirty-seven seconds from now," she chuckles softly. "Make the choice, Gordon. It's now or never."

>
"No!" I shout, turning around to run.

>
Alyx's finger tightens...

>
And she screams.

>
The Hydra has gotten her, blades sticking out through her body. The Hydra gives her the same treatment as it did her comrade, and by the end of that, she is bloody and bruised.

>
"Gordon..." she whispers, blood pouring from the wound in her stomach. "Gordon... wait..."

>
I hesitate and look back at her. She is severely wounded, and bleeding profusely. Judging from the look of her leg, it has been broken in several places. Her jaw is broken, and her eye is swollen shut. She has a gash on her forehead, and she has a lot of injuries in other places, judging by the blood staining her clothes.

>
"Gordon..." she rasps.

>
I take a cautious step closer, noting the rifle still weakly clutched in her hands.

>
"... I'm sorry."

>
The rifle flicks up.

>
She fires, the bullets going straight through me. I scream, and sink to my knees, noticing that neither my legs nor arms work.

>
The Hydra picks Alyx up and slams her against the wall, and she falls silent for a final time. Dragging her into the chasm, the same sounds ensue.

>
The other tentacle draws itself up, and spears me. The ground falls away from me, then rushes up to meet me.
>
The process is repeated twice, and the Hydra drags me in easily, since I offer no resistance.
>
There is an extreme pain as I am devoured, but it is nothing compared to the sadness of betrayal.
>
END

End
file.